

Memory Loss by maya777

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bad Parents Maggie Tozier & Wentworth Tozier, Bisexual Richie Tozier, F/F, F/M, M/M, Minor Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Minor Bill Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Minor Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, No Homophobia, Oblivious Eddie Kaspbrak, Past Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier Needs a Hug, Richie Tozier is Mike Wheeler

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Robin Buckley, Stanley Uris, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

"It was safe for Michael Wheeler to say that the past few summers had been... let's just say, eventful."

Mike couldn't remember anything clear from before the summer of 1987, but one summer, it all comes rushing back when they go to visit the Byerses in their new home in Derry, Maine.

It x Stranger Things crossover

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1. Chapter 1

It was safe for Michael Wheeler to say that the past few summers had been... let's just say, eventful.

There was the summer of 1986, which he had almost no memory of. It was weird to blank out on the entirety of his childhood - minus the important things like his family, his schooling, and how to function as a human - but he had accepted it. Of course he was curious, but Mike got the feeling that he *wanted* to forget, that it was terrible or something. He wouldn't be surprised if it had been a life threatening situation, considering the summer of 1988, but he couldn't help but wonder if it was something more than that. Every time he tried to remember, it felt like there was an itch in the back of his brain that he couldn't reach, something trying to poke through, but it just couldn't. It was right in front of him, he was sure of it, but he couldn't see it.

Then there was the summer of 1987, the earliest year he could remember. His personal memories, like friends and meaningful experiences, started at the beginning of that summer, when he had moved to Hawkins, Indiana to live with his Aunt Karen, Uncle Ted, and his cousins Nancy and Holly. Everyone in Hawkins assumed Karen and Ted were his parents, making Nancy and Holly his sisters, and Mike didn't feel like telling them what had really happened, so he let them assume. During that summer, he had met Will, Dustin, and Lucas, his best friends. They spent nearly all hours of the day together (much to their parents' protest) and knew everything about each other.

Well, almost everything, at least.

The weirdest thing about forgetting was his name. There were a few minutes when he first arrived in Hawkins that he had no idea what his name was. He remembered that he kept trying to introduce himself as someone else, but kept forgetting as soon as the words were about to be spoken. Eventually, he realized that his name was Mike, but it gave him a weird feeling whenever he used it, even two years later.

And, last but certainly not least, there was the summer that had just passed. The summer of 1989. It was only half over, but Mike was definitely ready for the action to be over. It wasn't even just the summer, the entire past year had been completely insane, starting when Eleven showed up in the woods when they were looking for Will, and ending with the Byerses and Eleven moving to a small town in Maine called Derry. Derry was about an 18 hour drive from Hawkins, so they weren't able to visit often. In fact, their first ever visit would be the next day. Mike was very excited to see his best friend and... ex-girlfriend? He wasn't sure where his relationship with El stood, but he was excited to see her nonetheless.

Mike was ready for no more eventfulness. He was ready to relax and visit his friends, then come back and start his Sophomore year in high school with no monsters chasing him and no life threatening situations waiting around the corner.

Mike scoffed at his own thoughts. *As if there could ever not be something threatening my life in this town.* He shook his head and pulled his shoes (white converse, decorated and signed by all of his friends) on, getting ready to meet the remaining members of The Party at the arcade. *I hope it's different for Will and El in Derry.*

He always got a weird feeling when he said the word Derry, like it meant something more than just a random town in the middle of nowhere. That feeling came whenever he heard a few words, actually. The words weren't anything special, just things like hypochondriac, clown, trash, penny, sewer, and also certain names, like Georgie. He'd never even known a Georgie, so he was very confused on why he felt the urge to cry every time he heard the name - which was super inconvenient, considering he had math class with a Georgie last year. However, there was one word that got the strongest reaction out of him.

Loser.

The surge of emotion that came with that word was so strong that it made him pass out the first time he heard it after getting to Hawkins. Whenever he heard the word, he spaced out for at least a minute, becoming completely unaware of anything or anyone around him (that also sucked, since Mike and his friends were called losers on a

daily basis. He was just lucky his bullies hadn't noticed that it was that word that caused him to go unresponsive). It was such a random word, but it meant something to him.

Sometimes, when he heard it, he had flashbacks to things he didn't remember, but assumed had happened to him at some point. They weren't memories, not completely anyway, they were more like images. A shard of glass, a baseball bat, a shower cap, a paper boat, a turtle, glasses with thick frames, a cast with the word 'LOSER' written on it in black marker - but there was a bright red V covering the S. The most common ones he saw were a pocket knife, a hammock, and an inhaler. The three images would switch quickly, blurring together as they transitioned faster and faster. The speed would continue to increase until someone could shake him out of his trance, usually one of the Party members, but he could always hear a whisper after he came back to reality.

Welcome to the Losers Club, asshole!

2. Chapter 2

Once Mike had walked into the Palace Arcade, he stood on his tip toes to look above everyone's heads in an attempt to find his friends. Eventually, he spotted Max's red hair and waved over at them. Dustin spotted his first and grinned, waving him over. Mike looked around at the games as he walked through the arcade. All the usual games were there, Dragon's Lair, Dig Dug, Pac-Man, etc., but there was one in the corner that Mike hadn't spotted before.

Street Fighter.

As soon as Mike read the name, images and noises filled his head, causing him to press his hands on his ears and screw his eyes shut.

"I'm pretending this is you."

"It got her."

"I know your secret."

"Ooh, let's go to the photo booth!"

"Starting my training."

"What training?"

"Street Fighter."

"You're really gonna spend your summer inside of an arcade?"

"Beats spending it inside of your mother!"

"Richie?"

"Mike?"

"Mike!!"

Mike forced his eyes open, and saw Max right in front of him, waving her hand in front of his face. She smiled, looking relieved, when he

brought his hands away from his ears.

"Thought we lost you for a second," she joked. "C'mon, you can watch me kick all your asses in Dig Dug again."

Mike laughed, the flashbacks long forgotten, as Max grabbed his wrist and pulled him over to Dig Dug, where Dustin and Lucas were already waiting.

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As Mike laid in his bed that night, trying to get rest before the trip tomorrow, he thought about the flashbacks. There had been no faces, and the voices had been sort of distorted, but he definitely knew what the inside of the arcade looked like. It seemed that he had spent hours in that place, but he had never been there before.

As he was finally pulled into the thoughtlessness of sleep, one name echoed through his head.

Richie.

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The next morning, Mike woke up as early as he physically could, very excited to be going to see Will and El (and Johnathan and Joyce, of course, but mostly Will and El). He had finished most of his packing the night before, so he grabbed the final items and ran downstairs, bags in hand.

"Good morning, Michael!" Mike's Aunt smiled at him as he ran past the kitchen to put his bags at the front door. "How'd you sleep?"

"Fine." Mike slid back into the kitchen and sat at the table, pulling a plate of pancakes and bacon in front of him and beginning to eat.

"Well, that's good," Karen laughed, "Hey, slow down, we don't need you puking in the car!"

"Sorry, mom- I mean, Aunt K, sorry." Mike stared down at his plate.

Karen sighed and walked around the counter to give Mike a hug.

"Mike, we've discussed this, you can call me mom. I basically am your mom, right? You already call me mom in front of your friends, so as long as you're comfortable with it, I really don't mind! And don't apologize so often, not everything is your fault." She kissed the top of his head and went back to the stove to flip the pancakes.

"Okay," Mike hesitated, "thanks for breakfast... mom."

"You're welcome. Now, when you're done eating, go put your bags in the car, okay?"

Mike nodded, took a couple more bites, then jumped up and ran to put his stuff in the car. Karen shook her head and laughed as he ran away.

"Mike, make sure you change out of your pajamas before we leave!"

"Right, thanks!"

3. Chapter 3

Finally, around two in the morning, they made it to Derry. Everyone else in the car (Dustin, Lucas, Max, Steve, Robin, and Nancy) was relieved to be getting out of the car and stretching their legs, but Mike didn't feel right. He wasn't sick or anything, the town was just making him feel... off. It was like every instinct he had was screaming, *GET AWAY, NOT SAFE, TURN AROUND AND GO BACK!*

He shivered and stepped out of the car with the others, walking up to the Byers' front porch. It was a small house, but very nice and homey. Just seconds after they rang the doorbell, the door flew open, and a very tired looking Will Byers smiled widely at them, rushing forward to hug all of his friends.

"Alright, Will, let them breathe." Jonathan laughed as he pulled the door open wider. "Come on in, everyone, Mom and El just went to sleep a while ago, but they really did try to stay up and greet you."

"Thanks for letting them stay here," Nancy smiled as she stepped forward to hug Jonathan.

"Yeah, anytime! The guest room has space for two of the kids, so we thought Max could stay with El and Mike could stay with Will. And mom said you three were staying in a hotel just down the road?"

Robin nodded. "Yeah, but we'll be back for breakfast. You won't have to miss us too much."

Jonathan laughed, and Will ran over to the phone, which had started to ring.

"Hello? ... Yeah, they just got here, how did you know? ... No, not yet ... Okay, you're scaring me, what are you planning? ... No, you can't do that! ... Are you kidding me? Seriously? ... I ... I can't believe you." Will sighed and shook his head, rubbing his forehead. "Alright ... alright, fine, I'm coming, just give me a minute ... okay ... okay. Bye." Will hung up the phone and laughed as his brother gave him a questioning look.

"You know how yesterday they threatened to be the welcoming party?" Will gestured to the phone as he spoke, and Jonathan nodded. "Well, they went through on their promise."

Jonathan laughed again. "Did you tell them not to come, because it's past two in the morning?"

"Yes."

"And?"

"They're on the front lawn."

Jonathan sighed and shook his head, but waved toward the front door.

"Thank you," Will called as he ran past. When he reached the front door, he clapped his hands, grabbing everyone's attention.

"Apparently you have another welcoming party here, who I did not invite by the way, and I did not approve this greeting, so I'm very sorry if they do anything bad! Without further ado, meet my friends!" Will dramatically pulled open the door to reveal six teenagers, who looked to be about their age, standing on the front porch holding food and drinks and smiling widely. Mike stepped behind Max as one of them made eye contact with him.

"Welcome!" A red head girl stepped forward. "I'm Beverly, one of Will's friends, but everyone calls me Bev, so feel free to do the same! These are the rest of the Losers..."

Losers.

Mike's eyes went unfocused, and his head filled with flashbacks again. Max, knowing that the word 'losers' triggered this, reached behind her back and held Mike's hand, trying to ground him. Just as he refocused, Beverly finished introducing the others.

"So, Will, why don't you introduce us to your friends!" Beverly smiled, and Mike shrunk even further behind Max. Something *really* didn't feel right.

"That's Steve, Nancy, and Robin, then there's Dustin, Lucas, Max, and..." Will pointed to each person as he said their name, but paused when he couldn't find Mike. "Has anyone seen Mike?"

Max turned around to where Mike had just been, and frowned when no one was there. Then she turned back to Will and shrugged. "He probably needed the bathroom or something. I can go look for him, if you want me to."

"No, I can do it," the short boy that Will had introduced as Eddie stepped forward. "I'll look for him. I needed the bathroom anyway, he probably just got lost on the way there."

Max looked at the boy skeptically, but nodded and slowly stepped back to where she had been standing next to Lucas. Eddie smiled and walked in the direction of the bathroom.

When Mike heard Eddie's soft footsteps coming towards him, he made a split second decision and went in the door on his right. He had been trying to figure out which one was the bathroom, but he didn't have time, so he just hoped for the best.

It wasn't the bathroom, actually, it was El's room. As Mike shut the door behind himself, El sat up abruptly, expecting an intruder, but when she only saw Mike, she relaxed and stood up to hug him.

"Hi, Mike. Welcome."

"Hi, El. I missed you!" Mike smiled as he hugged El.

"I missed you too." El stepped back and sat on her bed. Gesturing for Mike to sit next to her. "Why are you in here?"

"I was looking for the bathroom," Mike laughed and rubbed the palm of his left hand. "I never was good with directions, was I?"

"No." El looked at Mike's hand and said, "What's wrong with your hand?"

"Nothing," Mike pulled the sleeves of his sweater over his hands. "Why?"

"You're rubbing it. Like it hurts. What happened?"

Mike sighed and fidgeted with his sleeves. "I don't know, I've had that scar, like, forever, but it just started stinging when we got here, and I keep getting emotions that aren't mine."

"Like what?"

"Like when we first drove into town, a bunch hit me at once. All happiness and safety and love, and then when the losers came inside, I got a huge wave of recognition when I made eye contact with... what's the short one's name? Fanny Pack Boy?"

"Eddie."

Mike's ears were ambushed with a chorus of his voice saying, "Eds!" and "Eddie Spaghetti!" and "Eduardo!" He covered them and winced, receiving a worried look from El.

"What's wrong?"

"Flashbacks. Some words and names trigger them, I guess Eddie is one of them." Mike sighed and brought his hands down. "I just want to know why."

El grabbed Mike's hand and squeezed it. "You'll be okay. Eddie's nice."

Then, there was a knock on the door. El shoved Mike to the floor so that he was out of view from the door, and shushed him when he groaned, then said, "come in." The door creaked open, and Eddie was standing there.

"Hey, Eddie."

"Hi, El, have you seen Mike?"

"No," El said quickly. Eddie raised an eyebrow, so she cleared her throat and said, "No, I haven't seen him. Why?"

"We're just looking for him. I think Johnathan's gonna kick me and the Losers out soon, so I just wanted to meet him before we left. Oh well, maybe tomorrow. G'night, El."

"Night, Eddie."

Eddie closed the door and Mike sat back up on the bed, scowling at El.

"That hurt."

"Sorry."

Mike laughed, his scowl melting away. "It's fine, I'm not actually hurt."

El laughed, and Mike smiled. He had missed her laugh.

"Hey," Mike remembered what Beverly had said earlier, "why do they call themselves Losers?"

"People at school call them the Losers Club. They...."

Mike zoned out again. *Welcome to the Losers Club, asshole!*

"... like how your friends are called the Party. Are you okay?" El noticed Mike's unfocused eyes. Mike shook his head to clear his thoughts and smiled.

"Yeah, fine. I'm just kind of tired," he lied.

"Friends don't lie, Mike."

"I'm not lying," He lied again.

"I don't believe you, but I'll let you sleep. Goodnight, Mike." El laid back down and pulled the covers over herself as Mike stood up.

"Goodnight, El. See you tomorrow." He walked to the door and cracked it open, letting out a relieved sigh when he saw that the Losers were gone. Being around them made him feel... weird. It wasn't bad, necessarily, but it was weird. Like something that was missing inside of him was filled.

Like he was one of the Losers.

4. Chapter 4

Later that night, around five in the morning, Mike and Will got an abrupt wake up call.

"HOLY SHIT!"

Mike shot up, frantically searching for the light switch. When he finally hit it, a red head's face was illuminated in front of him.

"Max? What're you doing in here?" Mike rubbed his eyes, yawning as he spoke. Will sat up on the other side of the bed, behind Mike, and stared confusedly at the girl standing in front of his best friend.

"I'm not Max, dipshit, it's Bev!" The girl, who Mike now recognized as Beverly, ran forward and hugged him so tight, he could barely breathe.

"Jesus, Beverly, I can't breath! Why are you so freaked out?"

"You should've told me you were back! We could've planned a welcome home party!" Beverly slightly loosened her grip, still hugging him. "I missed you so much!"

Will sat up more. "Bev, what do you mean, 'welcome home?'"

Mike laughed awkwardly and gently pushed Beverly away, earning a hurt look from the girl. "I'm sorry, have we met before? I've never been to Derry before." *That I know of...*

"Richie, what are you talking about?" Beverly gave him a confused look and took a step away from him.

Will looked between Beverly and Mike. "Who's Richie?"

Richie

Richie "Trashmouth" Tozier

"Trashmouth?" Mike whispered to himself. *What kind of a nickname is that?*

"Yes!" Beverly hopped excitedly and grabbed Mike's hands, pulling him attention back to the conversation. "That's your nickname! I was so worried that you'd-" she cut herself off as she realized something.

"Oh my God. You forgot." She stepped back again and sat on the floor beneath the open window of Will's bedroom. *So that's how she got in.* "You left Derry, and you forgot. Just like I did. Holy shit."

"Beverly, what are you talking about? And my name's Mike, I have no idea who Richie or Trashmouth is."

Beverly frowned. "Well that's weird. I didn't forget my name when I left. I wonder if it's because you left longer... or maybe because you knew you didn't have the choice to come back? I mean, of course you had the choice, but-"

"Beverly!" Mike stepped forward and grabbed Beverly's wrists, stopping her hands from waving around while she spoke, as he interrupted her. "Please explain what's going on and why you're in my room in the middle of the night, even though we literally just met!"

"That's the thing, Rich- Mike," Beverly corrected herself, "we didn't just meet! We met in 1986, over summer, remember?"

Will wanted to ask again what was going on, but he also wanted to see where the conversation went, so he stayed quiet.

Mike shook his head, let go of her wrists, and sat on the floor in front of her, pushing a stray shoe out of the way. "No, Beverly, I don't remember anything before 1987. I'm sorry, I think you have the wrong person." He tried to believe himself, but his voice was full of doubt, and Beverly could hear that.

"You know that scar on your hand?"

Mike subconsciously shifted his scarred hand under his other one, as if to hide it. Beverly held out her left hand to show him her palm.

"I have one too. Exact same place, exact same hand. All of the Losers do." She pulled her hand back and looked expectantly at Mike's hands. Mike hesitantly held his left hand out, letting her observe the

scar. Will's eyes widened as he saw the matching scars on their palms.

"So what if I have a scar," Mike waved his right hand as he spoke, "it could just be a coincidence."

"Unlikely. Has it been stinging or making you... feel things that you aren't really feeling since you got here?" Beverly hesitated, trying to find the right words.

"I... What do you mean?"

"Strong emotions." Beverly let go of his hand, and Mike pulled it towards himself quickly. "Pain, happiness, recognition, love, confusion, anything?"

"Maybe... maybe a little bit. Why?"

"That's what our scars do!" Beverly smiled excitedly, and Mike felt a small wave of happiness coming from his hand. "They connect our emotions and bring us closer! It's a bond between the seven of us."

"If you're so sure I'm in your... Losers Club, then why don't I remember why we're so close? Why don't I remember any of you or this town?"

"I don't know if I can outright tell you, I think you have to remember on your own. Maybe Eddie will trigger something."

"The short guy with the fanny pack and the asthma? Why him? And don't call me Richie."

"You had a stronger bond with him than with the rest of us, I don't know why. I have an idea, but I'm not telling you until you remember."

"Can you tell me, Bev?" Will spoke for the first time in a while, startling the two other teenagers.

"Um..." Beverly thought, then said, "I don't think so, not yet." Will nodded in acknowledgement and gestured for them to continue their conversation.

Mike turned back to Beverly, scowled, and crossed his arms. "Why can't you just tell me?"

"You need to remember for yourself." Beverly checked the time and sighed. "I have to go, my Aunt'll be getting up soon." As she started to stand up, Mike thought about his Aunt and Uncle and parents.

"Hey, Beverly?"

Beverly stopped half way out the window. "Yeah?"

"If you really know me..." Mike looked worriedly at Will, then decided it was time for him to know. "Do you know why I don't live with my parents? Do you know what happened to them?"

Beverly smiled sadly at him and Mike felt a wave of sympathy coming from the bond. "They're in jail, Rich, they disowned you and sent you to live with your Aunt and Uncle, then went to jail. I'm sorry."

Will gasped quietly as Mike sighed and rubbed his eyes, moving back towards the bed. "It's fine. At least we know that you know me now."

Beverly nodded and sat on the window sill awkwardly for a moment, then nodded again and continued to climb out. She dropped to the ground and waved up at Mike when he went to close the window.

"Night, Richie! 'Night Will!"

"Don't call me Richie! Goodnight, Beverly!"

"G'night, Bev," Will called as he pulled the blankets up to his chin. Mike moved back towards the bed and sat awkwardly on the edge, waiting for Will to say something.

"So..." Will spoke hesitantly, "Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler aren't your real parents? Does that mean Nancy and Holly aren't your sisters?"

Mike nodded and nervously ran a hand through his hair. "Yeah, they're my Aunt, Uncle, and cousins. What you heard about my real parents was true. Guess they got tired of telling me how worthless I was and decided to get rid of me." Richie laughed humorlessly,

knowing that the Losers could probably feel his pain through the bond.

"Mike, I'm so sorry." Will pulled the taller boy into a hug and held him there for a few minutes. Eventually, as they started to drift off, Mike turned the light off and sighed, moving back to lay next to Will.

Just before they fell asleep, a quiet whisper broke the silence.

"Will?"

"Yeah, Mike?"

"Beverly is insane."

"I know... Mike?"

"Yeah, Will?"

"You have a magic scar that connects your emotions with the Losers."

"I know. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."